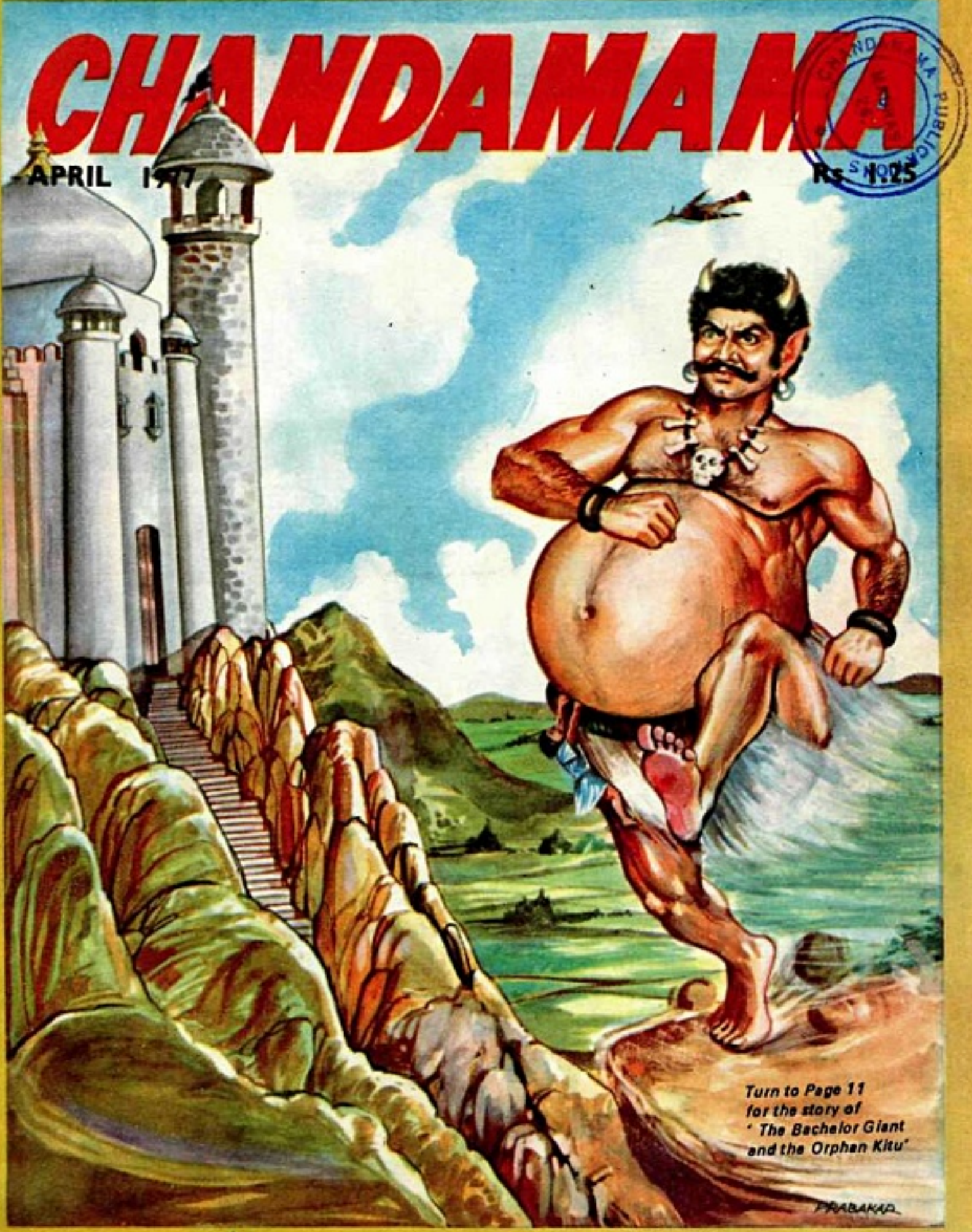


CHANDAMAMA

APRIL 1977

RS 10.25



Turn to Page 11
for the story of
'The Bachelor Giant
and the Orphan Kitu'

PRABAKAR

Who is He? Is He the real
Krishna?... Or an imitator?

Why has he come to you...Anand?



May be you're imagining!

Is it a dream or is that you yourself?



What really does He want
from you...Anand?



B. NAGI REDDI
places the camera
close to the inner mind
of a man in

Yehi Hai ZINDAGI

ENSTIMM COLOR
BY FILM CENTRE

A CLOSE-UP OF A MAN'S INNERSELF—
THE CONFLICT BETWEEN HIS EGO AND HIS FULFILMENT

Director: K.S.SETHUMADHAVAN Dialogues: INDER RAJ ANAND
Lyrics: ANAND BAKSHI Music: RAJESH ROSHAN



A FILM BY VIJAYA
PRODUCTIONS PVT LTD



FUN WITH GEMS

1001 LUCKY PRIZES TO BE WON

Which of the five numbered figures fits into the vacant space?



HURRY!

Send in your answer accompanied by one empty plastic packet of Cadbury's Gems. The first 1001 successful entrants will each get a State Bank Gift Cheque for Rs.11

Please write the answer as well as your name and address in English only, and in block letters. Mail entries to "Fun with Gems" Dept. B-20 Post Box No. 56, Thane 400 601.

Last date for receiving entries :
30-4-1977

COLOURFUL, CHOCOLATE-CENTRED Cadbury's GEMS

CHAITRA-C.69

READ IN THIS ISSUE

LEGENDS AND HISTORY

DESCENT OF THE GANGA—An illustrated story of the sacred river's birth on the earth.

Page 7

JOURNEY TO VAIKUNTHA—Who is nearer to God—a strict practitioner of penance or a simple devotee?

Page 19

TIRUVALLUVAR—Tales about a great maker of India's heritage.

Page 24

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—the immortal sage of a slave's suffering

Page 34

STORIES

The Bachelor Giant and The Orphan Kitu—A fairy tale which you have never read before! ...

Page 11

Good Sense At Last! ...

Page 22

A King's Greatness ...

Page 27

The False Fakir ...

Page 31

A Poetess for a Wife ...

Page 36

Miracle of the Egg ...

Page 39

Safely through the Forest! ...

Page 49

The Diamond Ring ...

Page 51

The Wrestler's Secret ...

Page 52

The Royal Singers ...

Page 56

OTHER FEATURES

Golden Words of Yore ...

Page 6

Veer Hanuman ...

Page 43

Monuments of India ...

Page 59

Tales behind Proverbs
and Phrases ...

Page 60

Your Questions Answered ...

Page 61

A Tale that wants a Title ...

Page 62

Photo Caption Contest ...

Page 63





CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 7

APRIL 1977

No. 10

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

THE GRAND OLD TRADITION

All our readers in India — young and old — have recently lived through a few days of excitement. It was natural, for, the nation went to the polls to elect a Government for itself.

It is well-known that India is the world's largest democracy. But it is not correct to suppose, as some people do, that democracy was new to India. There were "Ganas" or republics in parts of India even during the Vedic times and they developed later. Legends, coins, inscriptions and accounts left by travellers apart, the "Shanti Parva" of the **Mahabharata** gives the names of several old republics and praises them for their sound organisation and administration.

And, how did a candidate qualify himself to become a people's representative? A thousand-year-old Tamil inscription sets the guidelines thus: "Every candidate offering himself for election should have obtained his wealth through fair means... Those punished for criminal offences (bribery, corruption, swindling and anti-social activities) should be debarred from participating in the election."

There were states where the kings too were elected by the elite. And even when they were hereditary kings, they were strictly committed to the **dharma** of politics, which was to ensure justice and keep the subjects happy and free. Indeed, there are instances of the king being held responsible even for natural calamities, for, it was believed, no danger could befall the land if the ruler led a life that was just and pure.



ये शोकमनुवर्तन्ते न तेषां विद्यते सुखम् ।
तेजश्च क्षीयते तेषां न त्वं शोचितुमर्हसि ॥

*Ye śokamanuvartante na teṣām vidyate sukham
Tejaśca kṣīyate teṣām na tvam śocitumarhasi*

Those who remain in grief can never be happy. Their energy withers away.
Therefore do not grieve.

The Ramayana

बालिशस्तु नरो नित्यं वैक्लव्यं योजुवर्तते ।
स मज्जत्यवशः शोके भाराक्रान्तेष नौर्जले ॥

*Bāliśastu naro nityam vaiklabyam yo'nuvartate
Sa majjatyavaśaḥ śoke bhārākrānteṣa naurjale*

A man who childishly remains heavy with despair sinks into the depth of
sorrow just as an overladen ship sinks in water.

The Ramayana

अनिर्वेदः श्रियो मूलमनिर्वेदः परं सुखम् ।
अनिर्वेदो हि सततं सर्वार्थेषु प्रवर्तकः ॥

*Anirvedaḥ śriyo mūlamanirvedaḥ param sukham
Anirvedo hi satatam sarvārtheṣu pravartakaḥ*

It is a cheerful spirit which is at the basis of prosperity; such a spirit results
in happiness. Whatever is done with such a spirit brings success.

The Ramayana

DESCENT OF THE GANGA



Long, long ago, there was a king named Sagara whose capital was Ayodhya. He had two queens, Keshini and Sumati. The king, accompanied by his queens, did tapasya in the Himalayas in order to get worthy children.

He was duly granted a boon. Accordingly, Queen Keshini gave birth to a son named Asamanja. But Queen Sumati gave birth to a round mass which burst into a thousand sons.



King Sagara decided to perform the Aswamedha Yajna. Accordingly he let loose an excellent horse which was required to return to him unchallenged after touring all the lands. But Indra, the king of gods, jealous of the growing power of Sagara, stole away the horse. He left it in Rishi Kapila's ashram, in the Patala, the nether world.



Furious at the loss of the horse, King Sagara ordered his thousand sons to go and find it out. The sons spread in all the four directions, but failed to trace the missing horse.

At last the brave sons of Sagara dug their way into the *Patala*. There they found the horse. But as they rushed to take hold of it, they came before the angry eyes of Kapila and were at once reduced to ashes.



A long time passed. Sagara sent Ansuman, the son of Asamanja, to find out what had befallen his sons. Ansuman met Rishi Kapila and pleased him with his conduct and brought back the horse. But he could not restore his dead uncles to life. What was needed for that was to bring the Ganga, the heavenly river, down to the nether world.

After Ansuman's death, his son Dilip tried to resurrect his grand-uncles, but in vain. Then came Bhagiratha, the son of Dilip. He performed unbroken penance for many years and obtained Brahma's permission to bring the Ganga down to earth.



But the powerful torrent of Ganga, when it would descend on the earth, was likely to be catastrophic. Only Lord Shiva had the strength to bear the pressure. Bhagiratha prayed to Shiva. The great God agreed to do the needful.

In the interior of the holy Himalayas, Shiva stood ready to receive the flow of the Ganga. On his locks fell the mighty cascade. Her force reduced, she then flowed down to the earth.





The Ganga felt excited at the new scope for adventure on the earth. On her way down the hills, she playfully ran into the ashram of Rishi Jahnu and dared to extinguish the holy fire he had lit.

The dismayed rishi at once drank up the entire flow. But at Bhagiratha's prayer he was pleased to release her through his ear. As she came out of Jahnu, she became known by another name—the Jahnavi.



At last, the Ganga, led by Bhagiratha, entered the sea and through it reached the nether world. As she flowed over the ashes that lay heaped for ages, the sons of Sagara come back to life. Thus Bhagiratha resurrected his forefathers and the earth got the Ganga.



THE BACHELOR GIANT AND THE ORPHAN KITU

On the beautiful hill stood the more beautiful castle. There lived the king, the queen, their wise ministers and smart soldiers and the most beautiful sweet little princess.

Kitu could see the castle from his distant village when fog or cloud did not blind the horizon. Often people from faraway villages went in batches to the castle to pay their respect to the kind king, to marvel at the queen clad in gold, and to say hello to the princess who always smiled—and smiled like the rainbow.

“Will you kindly take me with you?” Kitu at times would propose to the travellers. “I want to play with the princess.”

“Listen, kid, we have to cross

a forest where tigers frolic as freely as the kitten do in your village and beyond that a river in which crocodiles swim as freely as the fish in your village ponds. There is then a mountain to climb. And, for your information, a princess does not play. She only shines. You better keep playing with your woodpecker, ha ha!! Keep playing with your woodpecker, do you understand?” This is all Kitu had for a reply.

A little embarrassed, he would keep quiet. He no doubt had a great friend in a woodpecker. But he did not understand why people should make fun of it. He knew so many fellows who, human in form though, were as cunning as jackals or as



greedy as pigs. What if a woodpecker was as wise or as clever as a man?

It was near a brook on a small hillock behind the village, where a variety of wild flowers bloomed, that Kitu had made friendship with the woodpecker. He had no father or mother, no brother or sister to give him company and a little love. The villagers very kindly gave him food, but that was all they did. The children looked upon him as some sort of an outcaste, for, while they had parents to buy them frocks and ribbons or pants and shoes, he had none. What should he do if not pass time near the brook in the

company of the woodpecker?

What the villagers did not know was that Kitu could understand the language of the woodpecker. The bird rose high, sometimes even needling up its way through the clouds, and saw a lot of things around and told about them to Kitu. True, Kitu did not see when a fire broke out in a part of the forest or when an infant eagle soared into the sky for the first time. But he was so thrilled to hear of all that from his friend that soon he believed that he had seen them himself.

And in course of reporting the events that took place around, while perched on the top of a palm tree, one day the woodpecker suddenly fell silent at the middle of a sentence. After an ominous pause, it said, "I'm afraid, a great calamity has befallen the King. I can see a giant confronting him."

"A giant, is it? They are rather cruel, I've heard. I hope the one you see doesn't harm the good king," Kitu expressed concern.

"They hardly do anything if not harm people. I'm sorry to say, he seems to have grown angry with the king. The king has fled into his castle. My

God, he and all the inmates of the castle seem to have swooned away. The giant has no doubt thrown a spell on them," informed the woodpecker.

"That is sad. What might have happened to the princess who smiles like the rainbow?" Kitu asked.

But the woodpecker, instead of replying to Kitu, shrieked out, "The giant is heading this way. If he continues doing that he will no doubt reach your village before long. And who does not know that gulping down human beings was a great sport for the giants!"

"I must warn the villagers," said Kitu and he ran and told whoever he saw in the village, "A giant is rushing up this way, Beware!"

"Ha ha! Hear the madcap! We haven't heard of any giant since our great-great-great-grandfather's time!" observed the people. But soon thereafter some woodcutters who came running from the forest reported, while struggling for breath, that they indeed heard a terrible roar and the sound of trees being uprooted and trampled upon.

The people lost no time in deserting the village. They



carried away their children and their aged with them, but no one cared to think of Kitu.

"What should I do?" Kitu went back to the hillock and asked the woodpecker.

"Hm! That is the most serious question I've hitherto heard," said the woodpecker. "You can't possibly hide from this giant. As it is, the giants are good at smelling, but this particular giant is sporting an extraordinary nose. Better you meet him before he finds you out."

"Meeting the giant, is it? No, no, my friend, I'm least willing to do that," Kitu protested, on the verge of tears.

"A woodpecker does not be-

friend a coward!" uttered the bird gravely and that made Kitu exercise a greater control over his facial muscles.

The woodpecker then hopped down to Kitu's shoulder and, believe me, not even the flowers or leaves around could hear what were the words its beak delivered right into the inner chamber of Kitu's ear.

The giant was relaxing against a rock when Kitu climbed it and jumped on to his head which was neither smaller nor softer than the rock.

"Hello, giant, I'm Kitu here—another giant—right on your head!" Kitu announced.

"Another giant? On my head? But I feel no weight!" remarked the giant with surprise.

"How can you? Am I not holding on to a cloud so that I do not crush you?" answered Kitu.

The giant was about to move his hand on his head. But Kitu jumped down just in time. As he did so he upturned a bag of dust which he carried. He stood on a slab of stone and the dust hung around him for a moment.

"This is the trouble. Whenever I jump on to a rock, much

of it goes up in dust. It is my weight, you know!" said Kitu.

"I should say I don't know! You are so small, not unlike a human child, yet you mean to say you are so heavy!" observed the giant.

"We are a species by ourselves. We remain small for the first hundred years of our life. Then we begin to grow and grow into twice the size of the banian trees. In fact, in our community I am the only child giant. All others have grown up big. You are closest to me in size and that is why I came to befriend you," said Kitu.

"But only equals can be friends. Don't you see how bigger and stronger than you I am?" said the giant.

"Bigger you are at the moment, but not stronger. Look here!" said Kitu and he leaped up and pinched the giant's navel. At first the giant did not feel anything. But "Ouch! Ouch!!" he cried out the next moment. What had happened was, the woodpecker had entered his navel and had started pecking into it.

"Ouch! Ouch!!" the giant screamed again and the woodpecker quietly crept out. The

giant's tummy was too gigantic to show the woodpecker to him.

"To be frank, I have come to this part of the world for the first time," confessed the giant, looking quite impressed with Kitu.

"And I hope, you go back safe," sighed Kitu and then, lowering his voice, he muttered as if to himself, "I don't understand why my father must make a dinner out of every foreign giant that strays into our land. They hardly taste better than the human beings, I bet."

"Little giant! I've overheard what you told yourself just now. Where is your father, by the way?" asked the giant with

some anxiety.

"Enjoying a nap. Why, can't you hear him snore?" said Kitu pointing a finger southward. The wind blew from the south and the roar of the sea could be distinctly heard. The giant heard the sound attentively for a moment. His face grew longer and longer. However, he managed to smile showing a lot of his shovel-like teeth (at which Kitu shivered like a banana leaf in the breeze) and said, "Little giant, I'm no fool. I'm not going to loaf about here till your father wakes up. I will soon depart, if you help me just a little."

"What do you want me to





do?"

"Well, I'm a bachelor and I heard from some travelling crows that the princess of the castle yonder should make an excellent bride for me. That brought me here. But the foolish king won't agree to my proposal," the giant sounded sad.

"But, listen to me, bridegroom-giant, the princess is so small! How can she suit your stature?"

"Ha, ha!! Now, look at my nose. This, to tell you in confidence, is my power house. If I breath out on any creature for seven and half times, he or she shall become as large as myself.

My nose can also emit a kind of vapour which puts people to sleep. In fact, I have sprayed all the inmates of the castle with the vapour. But the pity is, I can't enter the castle. The giants of my race are scared of nothing except the dogs, and the king has a ferocious dog inside the castle."

"What do you wish me to do?" Kitu repeated his question.

"If you too are not scared of dogs, I will drop you into the castle. If you can kill the dog and open the gate for me, I can steal away the sleeping princess," was the giant's reply.

"That is easy. Should I not do this much for a friend?"

"O little giant, I am so grateful to you. Now, come on, let's run towards the castle," said the demon and he began to run. He would have far outpaced Kitu had Kitu not been smart enough to hang on to his belt as soon as he turned his back. The woodpecker flew overhead.

The giant crossed the forest in strides and hopped over the river and ran up the mountain till he came to halt before the castle. Instantly Kitu left his hold of the giant's belt and jumped on to the wall that

encircled the castle. The giant got no chance to lift him up and drop him into the castle, feeling his real weight in the process.

The giant was amazed to see Kitu already standing on the wall with his hands on his waist.

"I see, you can run as fast as myself!" commented the giant.

"And without gasping for breath as you do!" said Kitu proudly.

"You are remarkable, really!" the giant complimented, "Now, please slip into the castle and do the needful."

Kitu found a place high enough to make a safe landing. All was quiet in the castle. But soon he heard a bark.

"There must be swords galore near the sleeping guards. Pick up one and kill the dog," shouted the giant from outside.

But instead of killing the dog, Kitu looked at it with love and the dog soon stopped barking. Kitu fondled it and the dog realised that a friend had arrived.

The woodpecker gave out a screeching sound.

"The dog is killed, is it? Fine. Now, open the door for me!" The giant's voice betrayed impatience.



The woodpecker set about to carve a round hole through the door. As soon as that was done, Kitu shouted to the giant, "I can't reach the keyhole. Will you please thrust your nose through this hole and breath out seven and half times on me so that I can grow big enough to open the door? I do not hear my father's snore. As your well-wisher, I should like you to depart with the princess before he arrives here."

The giant thrust his nose in and breathed out seven and half times. But it was on the dog that he breathed. The dog swelled up to a terribly big size. Then suddenly it clamped

its teeth on the giant's nose and bit it off!

The giant gave out an ear-splitting and appalling shriek the like of which had never been heard. All the inmates of the castle woke up from the spell. Some of them swooned away again when they saw the dog. But Kitu hurried to present a brief report of all the events to the king and the amazed courtiers. As they heard him, the dog slowly but surely returned to its old familiar size.

At last, when the castle door was opened, what they saw was not a dead giant but a living one, although shrunk to the size of an imp.

"With my nose gone, gone is my stature," lamented the puny creature. "As I am now, I cannot return to my faraway land. I will remain happy if the king

gives me a handful of rice to eat everyday—and a few boiled potatoes."

He was duly maintained by the state in a glittering cage, till his death. Thousands came to see him—a little being with all the features of a giant—something like the Japanese pygmy trees.

Kitu was hailed as the saviour of the royal family and the people. He lived in the finest guest house of the castle till he moved into the inner apartment, ten years later, as the husband of the sweet princess.

And, on becoming the king, he did not dismiss any of his father-in-law's old ministers but, the princess excepting, none knew that his real adviser was the woodpecker who lived in the royal garden.

—Manoj Das





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

JOURNEY TO VAIKUNTHA

The sky was glowing with the rays of the setting sun. Through the clouds descended Narada, the great sage who often wandered between heaven and earth.

Playing his *veena* and singing the hymns to Lord Vishnu, Narada set foot on the peak of a mountain. Then joyfully he began climbing down the mountain, enjoying the fragrance of the wild flowers and the sound of the murmuring brook.

"O Narada! Blessed be you. Will you please stop awhile and listen to my request?" was the voice that greeted Narada.

Narada stopped and looked back. His eyes met the eager

eyes of a yogi who emerged from a cave.

"What is your request, O worthy yogin?" asked Narada.

"Do you consider me worthy? Thank you. My question is, when should God consider me worthy of meeting Him? And my request to you is to put Him this question and bring His answer to me when you next visit the earth."

"I will do so," said Narada.

"Please do not forget to remind God that I have practised severe askesis for years. I have achieved many a power. It was high time that I met Him!" pleaded the yogi.

"I will convey this to Him,"



answered Narada.

He then resumed playing the *veena* and singing, and proceeded downward. At the foot of the hill was a fine lake. By its side, in a small hut, lived a devotee of Vishnu. He came out of his hut when he saw Narada and prostrated to him and said, "O Narada, will you kindly ask my Lord when he will allow me to see His lotus feet?"

"I will," said Narada as he walked away.

A year passed. Narada happened to visit the earth again. As he descended on the mountain, playing his *veena* and

singing the hymns, the yogi saw him and rushing out of his cave, informed him, "O Narada, in the meanwhile I have achieved still more powers through my *askesis*."

"That is fine," observed Narada.

"Now, do tell me, how long shall it take for me to be admitted to Vishnu's presence?"

"Not very long," answered Narada. "You have to pass through five more births and in your sixth life from now you will have great spiritual realisations. Thereafter you will meet Vishnu."

"Six more births!" cried out

the yogi in horror. "What for did I undergo all the strenuous and severe practices in this life then? All is dark, all is lost for me!"

Narada climbed down the mountain, leaving the disappointed yogi behind. At the foot of the mountain the devotee rushed out of his hut at the sound of the heavenly music and threw himself on the ground before Narada.

"My friend, I put your question duly to the Lord," informed Narada.

"Did you? It is so kind of you. And what was my Lord's reply?" asked the devotee.

"Well, He said that you must undergo a thousand more births in order to be able to dwell near him," said Narada.

"What! Only a thousand more births and I am there with my Lord! O Lord! Infinite is Thy Grace! How do I express my gratitude to you, O Narada, for giving me this wonderful news? Tell my Lord, O Narada, that I do not deserve to see Him even after a hundred thousand, nay, a thousand thousand births! It is only in His supreme compassion that He has decided to grant me shelter at his lotus feet after only a thousand more births! Oh, how delighted, how thrilled I am!"

"Enough," said Narada, "follow me. It is high time you are gathered to His presence. He is waiting for you."

Thus Narada led the devotee to Vaikuntha, the abode of Lord Vishnu.





GOOD SENSE AT LAST

Gokul and Govind were two neighbours. They never got tired of quarrelling between themselves. And now that Govind's cattle trespassed into Gokul's corn-field and ate up the crop, Gokul raised a hue and cry. He demanded a thousand rupees from Govind as compensation. As expected, Govind refused to pay the amount.

The villagers intervened in their dispute at Gokul's request. In a meeting they observed that since Gokul had not taken care to protect his field from the animals, he was to partly blame for his own loss. However, Govind was certainly guilty of letting his

animals stray into his neighbour's field. The villagers decided that Govind must pay five hundred rupees to Gokul.

But Govind did not accept the decision. He took his appeal to the headman. Now, the headman was a corrupt man. Govind paid him two hundred and fifty rupees as bribe. The headman then announced that since Gokul's field was unprotected by fence, the fault lay entirely with him. Govind was not required to pay anything.

Gokul refused to abide by the headman's decision. He carried his appeal to the *Talukdar*, who was an officer with a jurisdiction over several villages.

Upon receiving a bribe of two hundred and fifty rupees from Gokul, he declared that Gokul was not at fault at all. It is not legally binding on the farmers to raise fences around their fields. Hence Govind must pay a thousand rupees to Gokul.

Govind went to the head officer of the district who too was a dishonest man and prayed for an order favourable to him. Said the officer, "If you give me five hundred rupees, you will not be required to pay a thousand rupees to Gokul."

Govind paid up the amount. The officer, in his court, read out his judgment upholding the village headman's decision. Govind was not to pay any compensation!

Gokul did not take the judgment lying down. He went to the still superior officer, gave

him five hundred rupees and got the district officer's judgment altered. Now, Govind was required to pay him a thousand rupees.

Govind at last went to the king who was an impartial judge. He heard both the sides and declared that what the villagers had decided was right. Fault lay with both the parties. However, Govind was to pay five hundred rupees to Gokul.

Govind had to pay the compensation in the court itself.

On their return journey to their village, the two neighbours had enough time to talk to each other. They found out that both had wasted seven hundred and fifty rupees each in giving bribe! "Only if we had accepted the judgment of the villagers!" both sighed and said simultaneously.



TIRUVALLUVAR - The Sage of Enlightened Living

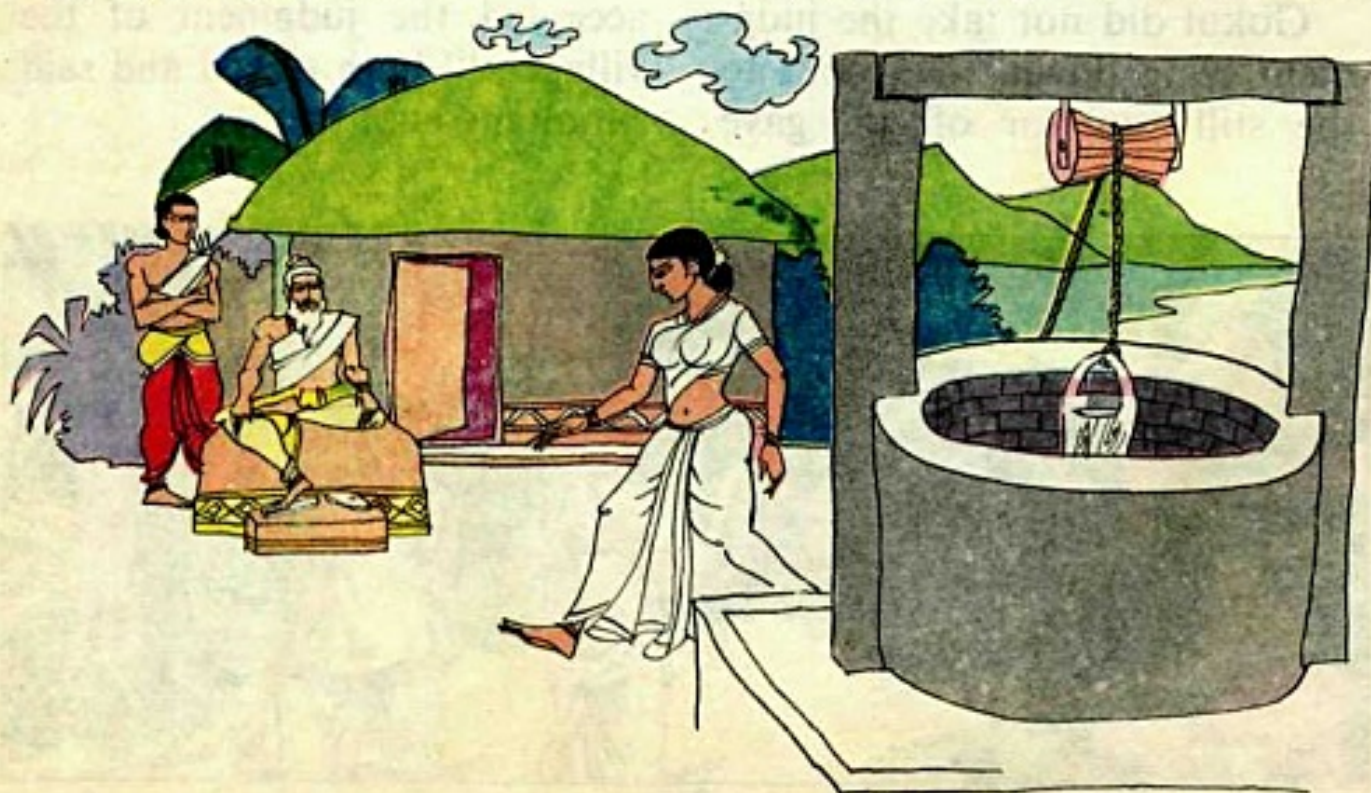
How different Madras must have looked two thousand years ago! Even then the village Mylapore, an important area of the present city, drew a number of visitors. It was not a huge monument or an institution that attracted them. They flocked to hear or meet an humble man, Tiruvalluvar, who lived in a hut with his wife, Vasuki.

Those who came to meet the man were either people who were beset with problems or those who sought answers to a variety of questions.

Tiruvalluvar, like many great wise Indians of the past, was indeed humble. So much so that he has hardly cared to leave any account of his life. From his work and the legends we surmise that he lived a simple and ideal life and taught the seekers more through example than through advice.

A legend says, once a man asked him, "Who was greater—a man of the world or an ascetic?"

The seeker perhaps had been impressed by miracles per-



formed by some ascetics. Tiruvalluvar, instead of answering the question in an ordinary way, called out for his wife. Vasuki was then drawing water from the well. She heard the call while her bucket had come half the way up the well. She left the rope and hurried to her husband. But, to the great surprise of the seeker, the bucket, filled with water, remained hanging even without anybody to hold the rope!

Tiruvalluvar and Vasuki thereby demonstrated how a person, though engrossed in the world, could muster enough power to perform miracles by a true dedication to his or her

duty. Vasuki was so deeply dedicated to her husband that when she went away to attend upon him, the bucket looked after itself!

Another time a young man wished to know from Tiruvalluvar which way of life was good—a bachelor's or a married man's. It was morning. Tiruvalluvar offered the young man a share of his breakfast. That was cooked rice cooled with water. As soon as Tiruvalluvar touched the rice, he shouted, "Vasuki! Why is the rice so hot?"

The young guest felt bewildered at Tiruvalluvar's complaint, for the rice was quite



cool. But even without raising an eyebrow Vasuki fetched a fan and waved it on the dishes as if to cool them down.

Even a greater surprise awaited the young man. He had been requested to stay on for a few hours. It was mid-day when they sat down for lunch. Tiruvalluvar suddenly observed, "Vasuki, don't you realise that it is night and we need a lamp?"

Without a word Vasuki lit a lamp and placed it beside her husband.

The lunch over, the young man gratefully took leave of Tiruvalluvar. He had understood that there was no straight answer to his question. The married life for him could be blissful only if he got as faithful and obedient a wife as Vasuki.

Values have changed with the passing of time. The legends narrated above must seem queer to most of our readers. What is important now is not the stories as they are, but the fact that Tiruvalluvar lived an exemplary life. His life was his teaching.

And, no doubt, great was his wisdom. He was supposed to have been born among the *Valluvas*, who were the heralds

or the announcers of the royal wishes and decrees. As such, we do not know how he cultivated deep knowledge of religion, philosophy and the social laws. His work the *Tirukkural*, bears ample evidence of such knowledge apart from his spontaneous wisdom.

In 133 chapters, the *Tirukkural* consists of 1,330 short stanzas or *kurals*. (*Tiru* means sacred.) They are sound advice and warnings on the principles of family life and moral and social codes of conduct. They show great insight into human nature. Here are a few examples of the precepts: "Do not get angry with one who is angry. Move with him with calmness and patience." "Respect others' opinions. Do not tell them bluntly that they were wrong (even when you do not agree with them)." "Be kind and polite, for, lack of these qualities is the root of most of the troubles."

Over the centuries, the *Tirukkural* has greatly influenced the thoughts and culture of India. For its precision, practicability, and wisdom, the work is considered unique in the literature of the world.

A KING'S GREATNESS

King Vikram, fearless of the dark night, shrieking breeze and rain and the weird laughter of the spirits, reached the tree again. He then climbed it and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began to walk with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that had possessed the corpse said, "O King, you are perhaps taking all this pain for the sake of your people. Perhaps you hope to earn their appreciation. But know this that often a king's service receives no recognition from his people. Let me give you an example of what I say. Listen to the story; that might lessen the rigours of your labour."

The vampire went on: In days gone by the land of Suvarnapur was ruled by King Himasekhar. He was much keen to serve his people. He used his wealth for constructing roads and hospitals, digging wells and





ponds, and creating parks and gardens all over the kingdom. The landless were given land by him; those who wished to profit by trade were provided by him with the necessary capital. But even after doing all such things the king did not rest satisfied. He tried to find out still new ways of serving the people.

He often asked his ministers to undertake tour of the kingdom and to ascertain how the people took the good things he was giving them.

His ministers and courtiers thought that the king was doing all such works so that his sub-

jects will sing his glory. They kept on telling the king, "Our people are so much pleased with you that they gather in temples and pray for your long life."

The king was happy. But one day he thought, "Although I have done so many things for the benefit of the people, I should know if they have still some grievance." Accordingly he took the disguise of an old traveller and went out into a remote area of his kingdom.

He galloped into a remote part of his kingdom and left the horse in front of a tavern. Then he walked through the nearby villages. It was not easy to find people who would be talking of the affairs of the state. But he moved on from village to village, without losing patience.

At one place, at last, he heard some merchants talking among themselves. Evidently, two of them were from the neighbouring kingdom. One of the two said, "We are deeply impressed by all that your king has done for you. Each man in this kingdom lives like a prince!"

"Is that what you think?" replied another merchant, a

native of Suvarnapur. "You say so because you have not seen how our king himself lives. You cannot even dream of the great luxury in which he lives. If you could, you won't call us princes!"

"My friend is right. Any king can construct a few roads and dig a few wells and found hospitals. Our king has done nothing special," commented the other native of Suvarnapur.

King Himasekhar felt extremely sad to hear this. He returned to his palace and soon went out to visit a few neighbouring lands. But he instructed his ministers not to stop the welfare

activities.

He wished to see how the other kings governed their lands. What he saw was nothing unexpected. The neighbouring kings lived selfishly and extravagantly and hardly did anything good for their subjects. The people did not criticise their kings for fear of punishment.

While King Himasekhar was abroad, Suvarnapur was threatened with a famine due to drought. As soon as the king got the information he rushed back home. He dug deep ponds here and there and also a canal and saved whatever crop he



could. He had luckily stored a huge quantity of grain. He distributed the stock among the needy people.

Now, when he visited different areas of the kingdom in disguise, he heard people saying, "We are lucky to have Himasekhar as our king. He is the most benevolent and compassionate king in the world."

The vampire paused for a moment and asked, "O King Vikram, why were the people critical of the king although the king had done so much for them? How is it that the king instructed his ministers to continue the welfare work in spite of the people's ungratefulness? Why did the people start praising the king afterwards for the same welfare work? Answer if you can. If you know the answers but choose to keep mum,

your head shall roll off your shoulder!"

Without a moment's delay the king answered, "Ordinarily people do not realise the value of a thing that comes to them unasked. That is why they found nothing special in the welfare works of their king. But the king was noble and dutiful by nature. It was not to be praised by others that he did the good works. That is why he never stopped the works despite the people's critical comments. When the famine approached and the people were in need of welfare works, the works assumed fresh value for them and they praised the king. The crisis showed the greatness of their king."

No sooner had King Vikram finished his answer than the corpse gave him the slip!





THE FALSE FAKIR

Long ago, there lived a certain merchant in a small state ruled by a nawab. The merchant was an honest and kind man. But the nawab was a tyrant.

If someone happened to incur the nawab's displeasure, he forfeited his property. Such a man was asked to leave the state. But he was not allowed to carry a single paisa with himself.

Unfortunately, the merchant came under the nawab's wrath. When he realised that there will be no end to his harassment in the nawab's hands, he decided to quit the state.

He sent his family secretly to the neighbouring kingdom of Vijaynagar. He knew that

Vijaynagar was ruled by a great king and that the doors of his kingdom were wide open for such people who were harassed by the nawab.

After the merchant had sent his family to Vijaynagar, he sold all his property and bought gold and diamond with the money. Now the question was how to carry the wealth to Vijaynagar. If he carried the wealth with himself, the nawab's guards were certain to stop him on the way and strip him of the wealth.

An excellent idea came to the merchant's mind. At a place not far from his house lived a fakir. He often wandered from place to place, riding a camel.



Everybody called him as fakir and no one knew if he had any other name. As a mendicant, he had access to all places. People of India had always high respect for the religious men. A *Sadhu* or a fakir was trusted by them. No wonder that many fake mendicants took advantage of such an attitude of the people.

The merchant met the fakir and told him, "If you carry my wealth safely on the back of your camel to Vijaynagar, I will give you a hundred gold mohurs on my arrival there a week later." The fakir gladly agreed to the proposal. The merchant

told the fakir where his family lived in Vijaynagar and advised him to wait there.

The fakir duly took charge of the wealth and left for Vijaynagar. He was well-known to the nawab's guards and nobody cared to stop him at the frontier.

A week later the merchant joined his family in Vijaynagar. But he was shocked to find that the fakir had not reached the appointed place. The merchant looked for him everywhere in the city, but in vain.

Needless to say, the false fakir, greedy of the wealth, had decided to cheat the merchant. He had shaved his beard and had assumed a new name. He was waiting for a chance to make use of the merchant's wealth in some trade.

While roaming about in the streets, the merchant one day met the false fakir. But failing to recognise him, he asked him, "Have you by any chance met a fakir with a camel?"

"He is bearded, isn't he?" asked the false fakir himself.

"That is right. Where is he?"

"Well, he wished to sell me some pieces of diamond. But I had no money to buy them. All I know is, he left for Bagdad

with a party of Arab traders," replied the false fakir.

But as he talked, he tried to play with his own beard according to his old habit, although he had no beard now. Instantly the merchant recognised him.

"You are the fakir!" exclaimed the merchant.

"I was never a fakir!" replied the fellow in equally loud voice. However, the merchant caught him by his wrist and dragged him along to the king's court.

Upon hearing the merchant, the king looked at the false fakir and said, "Will you return the merchant his wealth?"

"But, my lord, I am no fakir. This gentleman is trying to deprive me of my own property through a baseless allegation against me!" replied the fellow.

The king remained silent for a moment. Then he said, "Yes,

I am convinced that the merchant is a liar." Thereafter, looking at the false fakir, he said, "You may go!"

The false fakir looked delighted. He offered a long salute to the king and turned to go away. But he was about to step out of the hall when the king shouted, "Fakir!"

Instantly, in a reflex action, the fakir stopped and looked back. The king's guards were too ready to arrest him.

"Ha ha!! I know that you are not a true fakir. Nevertheless, you are accustomed to respond to that call, aren't you?" Observed the king. The royal guards marched to the false fakir's lodge and recovered the merchant's wealth.

The fakir lost his hundred gold mohurs and earned a term in the jail!





UNCLE TOM'S

In the America of last century, when the black human beings, called negroes, were bought, sold and treated like beasts, one Mr. Shelby owned a slave named Tom. While Tom was strong, he was also kind and faithful. He was affectionately called Uncle Tom. The one who was most fond of him was George, his master's teen-age son.

But Mr. Shelby ran into bad days. As he could not pay back a debt, his creditor, a slave-dealer, obliged him to part with some of his slaves. They included Tom and a 5-year old son of a female slave named Eliza.

Eliza and her husband planned to escape with their child. Eliza requested Tom to accompany them. But he would not agree, for, that would mean trouble for his good old master, Shelby.

Eliza's family made a daring

escape to Canada, with the goodwishes of Mrs. Shelby. Their new master set up traps to catch them on their way, but failed. There was even a gunfight in which the slave-trader's agent was wounded.

However, torn away from his wife and children, Tom is carried away by the slave-dealer down the Mississippi in a boat. Among the passengers in the same boat are a gentleman named St. Clare and his little daughter, Eva. Eva takes a liking for Tom. And it so happens that she accidentally falls into the river. She would have drowned but for Uncle Tom coming to her rescue. The grateful St. Clare buys Tom from the slave-dealer.

A new life begins for Tom. In the sweet company of Eva he forgets the agony of having separated from his own children. They read the Bible together. St. Clare promises to

CABIN



free Tom soon. But the events took an unfortunate turn with Eva falling sick. Not only did Eva die, but also her father, going to separate two fellows fighting, gets wounded and dies.

St. Clare's wife sells Tom away to one Legree, a cruel planter. His slaves lived in a sort of hell. Tom worked hard for him, but Legree was never pleased. On the other hand, for the sympathy Tom showed to other suffering slaves, he was humiliated and mercilessly beaten. But so great was Tom's endurance and compassion that he pardoned those who beat him.

In the meanwhile Tom's old master, Mr. Shelby, has died. But his young son, George, has set out to find out Uncle Tom. At last his mission is successful. He finds Tom and is too ready to buy him back. But it had been late. Tom died soon after his happy reunion with George.

The story of Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe, published in 1852, shook America and contributed greatly to the abolition of the heinous practice that was the slave trade.



A POETESS FOR A WIFE

Suresh was the most faithful of the servants of the village landlord. He was employed in the landlord's household since his childhood and was treated almost as a member of the family. He was extremely fond of singing. He hummed some tune or the other even when he was engrossed in work.

Other servants and even the landlord enjoyed the songs of Suresh. In fact, he was liked by all, for his sincere work as well as for his jolly nature.

The landlord's wife was like a mother to Suresh. Before her eyes and under her care Suresh had grown up to be a young man. He was most obedient to her.

The landlord's wife thought that it was her duty to see that Suresh got married. Accordingly, she asked a number of her confidants to find out a suitable bride.

Before long a priest brought to her notice an orphan girl of the neighbouring village, named Veenati. All who knew her said that she was as harmless as a calf and as affable as a cat. The landlord's wife saw her and liked her. At her instance Suresh and Veenati were married.

The couple was given a small house to live in behind the landlord's. Veenati soon proved herself an intelligent and obedient worker. The landlord's wife was very much pleased

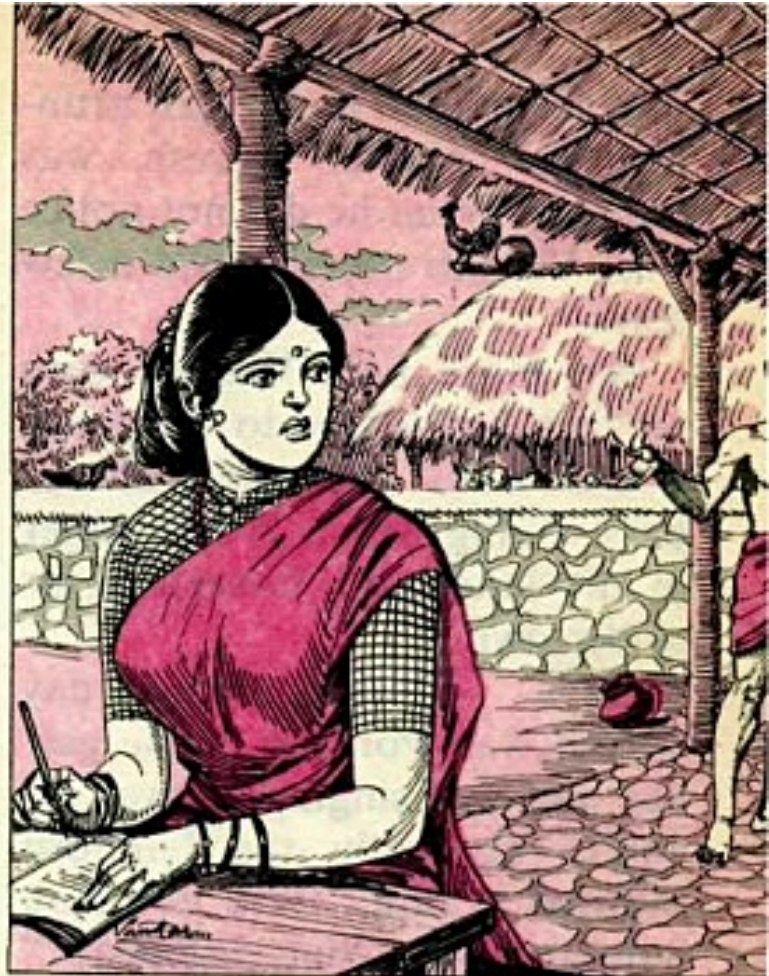
with her.

But when the landlord's wife found out that Veenati could write sweet verses although she had hardly been to any school, she became quite proud of her.

"Veenati, the *neem* tree is glowing with flowers. Can you compose a verse on its beauty?" or "My niece is going to get married. Can you write a poem expressing my goodwill for her?" would be the demand the landlord's wife often made on Veenati.

Veenati always obliged her and that she did quite promptly. Suresh too was no less happy with Veenati's poetic virtue.

But the other servants of the household grew jealous of the couple. One day, while Suresh was nearby, they talked among themselves as if they were not aware of his presence. One said, "I am often worried about poor Suresh on account of his wife." "Are you?" responded the other, "Suresh seems quite proud of his wife's poetic outbursts. Poor fellow does not know that to permit a woman to write poetry was to ruin her modesty. Will she care two hoots for Suresh?" And the third one added, "Well, well,



now that Suresh is young, he does not understand that he was reducing himself to the state of a henpecked husband. Allowing one's wife to write poetry, eh?"

The remarks sounded quite sensible to Suresh. He at once proceeded to his hut and found Veenati busy with her notebook.

"Will you please stop playing with your useless words? How much time indeed you waste on those vain exercises! Should you not better devote that time to doing something useful?"

Veenati immediately kept away her notebook. She went

into the garden and began pruning the plants. Suresh was happy. What he did not notice was, Veenati quietly shed a few tears.

No more was Veenati seen reciting her verses to the landlord's wife. She was always busy doing some work either in the landlord's household or in her own.

Days passed. One day Suresh was working in the garden and was singing, as was his habit. Suddenly the landlord shouted at him, "Will you stop humming like that, uselessly?" Suresh, shocked, stopped. But he looked sad and went on working without any enthusiasm. Nextday, again when he had just started singing while in the cow shed, he met with a sharp rebuke from the landlord.

Thereafter Suresh never

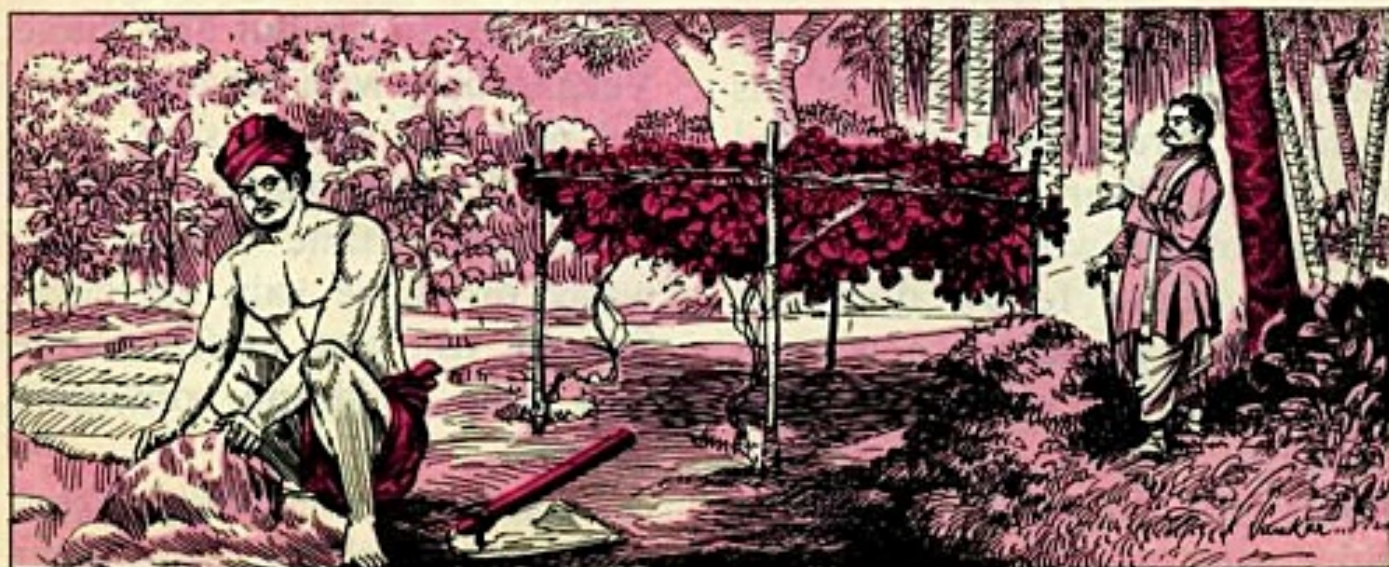
smiled. His jolly old spirit was no more in evidence. One day the landlord asked him, "What is the matter with you? Why do you look so lifeless?"

"Sir! To be frank, I find it very hard to work without singing. If I do not sing, I feel depressed!" answered Suresh.

"Now, my boy, think of your poor wife. How do you expect her to be happy when you do not allow her to write verses? If you suffer for suppressing your artistic urge, should she not suffer for suppressing hers?" asked the landlord.

Suresh stood speechless for a while. Then he expressed his regret and promised to apologise to Veenati.

"Now, my boy, sing by all means, sing to your heart's content!" said the laughing landlord.





The World of Magic

MIRACLE OF THE EGG!

Eggs which came from the village of Gitapur sold best in the nearby bazar and the markets. They were bigger in size and sweeter in taste than eggs offered for sale by producers from other villages.

But unfortunately some sort of an epidemic struck the fowls of Gitapur and most of them died. Those who survived hardly laid any egg.

Dinanath, one of the leading villagers, told the others, "Surely some ghost or ghoul is coveting our fowls. We must take some exorcist's help to drive away the evil spirit from our village."

Dinanath sounded quite sensible to his listeners. The vill-

agers subscribed to a fund and the money was paid to a famous exorcist who lived far away. The exorcist visited Gitapur, recited several *mantras* running up and down the village, sacrificed two more of the remaining fowls to appease some invisible deity, and departed after a sumptuous lunch. He assured the villagers that they could buy fowls again and start their trade in eggs afresh. The evil spirit was gone!

The villagers had a great faith in the exorcist. They bought fowls of excellent breed from a poultry in the distant town and did everything to bring them up properly. But again the epidemic struck and

the fowls were dead!

They were quite disappointed. Dinanath told them, "Perhaps it is not in our destiny to prosper. We are basically farmers. We should remain content with our lot and not try to be traders. Goodbye to the profits through the eggs!"

This time too Dinanath sounded quite sensible to his fellow peasants. They did nothing to revive the trade. Whatever time they got after their labour in the fields, they spent it gossiping or playing idle games.

Shankar, the son of the village landlord, came home during

a vacation in his college. On a previous visit he had been served with several items made of eggs. As two days passed and he found no egg in his lunch or dinner, he became curious. On inquiry he learnt that the villagers had stopped producing eggs.

He was sorry, for he knew that the poor peasants had a good supplementary income from the eggs. It did not take him long to realise that the fowls died because of some disease and if the right precautions were taken, the disease could be prevented. He gathered details about the epi-



demic and went back to the town. There he consulted an expert and learnt how to prevent the disease. But, on his return home, when he asked Dinanath and others to resume their trade, they flatly refused. They were under the strong impression that their fowls died due to some evil curse and that it was not for them to earn more than their lands yielded.

Shankar reflected on the problem deeply. He decided to bring back confidence into the villagers through a trick. Magic was his hobby and in a flash an idea which could be useful occurred to him.

He summoned a meeting of the villagers at Dinanath's house. Assuming solemnity in his voice, he said, "Friends, you must be wondering why I am insisting on your reviving the trade in eggs. Let me confess to you that a yogi has assured me that the bad time which visited our village is passed and if you nurture the fowls again, they will lay eggs more than they ever did. The yogi has even passed on a talisman to me which can do miracles in regard to the production of eggs."

As his audience looked on with silent expectation, Shankar



brought out a handkerchief from his pocket and spread it on the palm of his left hand. He then brought out an egg and placed it on it. Then he folded the kerchief and the egg remained hidden under it. Next he brought out a talisman and touched the egg with it under the kerchief. Thereafter when he unfolded the kerchief, all were amazed to find that there lay two eggs on his left palm instead of one!

The people clapped their hands with joy. Shankar bowed to them and said, "Friends, I am going to bury this talisman at the centre of the village so that its effect will be on the whole village. Now, please begin the trade anew and see the result."

He ensured that the conditions which had caused the

epidemic were removed. Gitapur soon won back its lost fame, the eggs of Gitapur were in great demand again.

But how had Shankar succeeded in doubling the lone egg? Well, this is what he had done: He had collected an egg and the empty shell of another egg slightly bigger than the first egg. He cut the shell into two and threw away half. He put the remaining half on the egg.

When the villagers saw the egg on his left palm, they had no scope to know that half of the shell of another egg had been put on it. When Shankar touched it with the talisman under the fold of the kerchief, he separated the shell from the egg. The half shell lay on his palm with its back upward and gave the impression of a full second egg!

By A. C. SORCER, Magician





VEER HANUMAN

Innumerable Vanaras surrounded the great demon, Kumbhakarna, and did their best to overpower him. But Kumbhakarna caught hold of them in his grip and crushed them to death batch after batch. By and by it became clear that it was far beyond the power of the Vanaras to defeat the demon.

Angada and Sugriva uprooted a hill and hurled it at him. But Kumbhakarna protected himself raising his iron fist and threw the hill to a side and emerged unhurt. Then he aimed his trident at Sugriva. Luckily, Hanuman caught hold of it while it was on its way towards its target and dashed it to the ground.

The Vanaras made a hulla baloo of joy. But before the echoes of their shout had died down, a rock thrown by the demon hit Sugriva and he fell down, senseless. Kumbhakarna lifted him up and hurried away into the fort, the unconscious enemy lying on his shoulder.

Although Hanuman saw it, he did not care. He knew that when Sugriva will regain consciousness he will do the needful to protect himself. Hanuman continued to inspire the Vanaras with words of courage.

Hanuman's trust in Sugriva's capacity proved correct. When Sugriva regained consciousness and found himself on Kum-



bhakarna's shoulder, he lost no time in planting a few furious bites on the demon's ear and nose. The demon cried out in pain and threw Sugriva on the ground and aimed a kick at him. But in time did Sugriva escape him, flying out of his way, and arrived near Rama.

At once Kumbhakarna returned to the battlefield. Lakshmana came forward to confront him. But instead of taking notice of him, Kumbhakarna marched towards Rama.

Rama said, addressing the demon, "You feel proud for having defeated Indra. But remember the fact that I am

not Indra. I can kill you instantly if I so desire."

Replied the demon, "Listen, O Ramachandra, I am neither Vali nor Maricha that you should dream of killing me. However, I will allow you to display your valour to your heart's satisfaction before I kill you. Come on!"

At first Rama applied the very arrow by which he had once pierced seven bulky trees in a row. But the arrow had no effect on the demon. A little agitated, Rama then discharged a rarer shaft at the enemy which cut down one hand of the demon.

Giving out roars like the sound of a hundred thunderclaps, Kumbhakarna uprooted a huge tree with his remaining hand and rushed at Rama. But another shaft from Rama's bow cut down the demon's lone hand. Seeing that the demon did not stop even then, Rama cut down his legs and his head too.

While the Vanaras danced with joy around Rama, the demons shrieked in horror and began to disperse.

As soon as Ravana heard the news of Kumbhakarna's death, he fell unconscious. The sons of Kumbhakarna—Devantaka,

Narantaka, Trishir—as well as Atikaya, wailed loudly and so did the dead hero's brothers, Mahodara and Mahaparshwa. The atmosphere was charged with sadness.

On regaining consciousness, Ravana was overwhelmed with the fear that he might have to lose not only his kingdom, but also his life. It was only then that he repented in his heart, for the first time, for having discarded Vibhishana's advice.

Trishir came closer to Ravana and said, "Why do you look so sad, O King? Do you forget that there was a time when you had gained victory over all the three spheres? Pray, do not underestimate your strength. Now, allow me to go to the battlefield. I will return after successfully wreaking vengeance on the enemy."

His brothers too volunteered to join him. Ravana was happy to get this proof of their courage and embraced them and sent them to the battlefield.

The fighting was resumed. The angry Narantaka proved more than a match for the Vanara soldiers. But the young demon could not prevail for long. At Sugriva's suggestion Angada confronted him and



put an end to his life before he had done much harm.

Trishir, Mahodara and Devantaka at once pounced upon Angada. With great courage and presence of mind Angada kept them engaged for a while. Soon Hanuman came to Angada's rescue and with only one blow silenced Devantaka forever. Neela too arrived on the scene and killed Mahodara in no time.

When Atikaya found the stalwarts of his camp being toppled one after another, he advanced to face the enemy, looking like a mountain in motion. Rama asked Vibhishana, "Who is this one?"



"He is one of Ravana's sons, his mother being Dhanyamali. He is hardly inferior to Ravana in strength. Moreover, he has earned a boon from Brahma which protects him from gods and demons. He has been a great support to Ravana. He should be killed at once if we are to avoid much loss of our soldiers," said Vibhishana.

A number of Vanara heroes like Kumud, Dwividh, Maind, Neela and Sharabha hurried forward and fought with the young demon. But they were greatly harassed by him and were obliged to retreat.

Taking a few strides Atikaya stood before Rama and an-

nounced, "I do not wish to fight a horde of timid creatures. Is there anybody in your camp who will come forward to confront me enthusiastically?"

Lakshmana jumped forward and raised his bow, challenging the demon to try his strength with him. But the demon said, "You seem too small to inspire me. Why are you so eager to die? Keep aside and be safe!"

"No use bragging about in this fashion. Let us fight. Let me be convinced that you are a hero indeed!" provoked Lakshmana.

The fight ensued. Soon the demon was impressed by Lakshmana's courage and skill. Their battle was observed by the demons and the Vanaras with great interest. The two antagonists soon gave up the physical weapons and fought with supernatural ones. After a while a powerful arrow from Lakshmana beheaded Atikaya.

The news of the young hero's death shocked Ravana. He did not know with whom to be angry. How was it that his ministers and generals had failed to make a proper evaluation of the enemy's strength?

"Father! You should not worry while I am alive. Don't

you remember my victories and achievements? I assure you that if you allow me to go to the battlefield now, the war will end with our victory!" It was Ravana's son Meghnad who said this.

Ravana's gloom disappeared. He thanked his son and allowed him to go ahead with his plan. Meghnad took a trusted army with him and rode a choice chariot.

But he did not appear in the battlefield immediately. He performed a *Yajna*, with his soldiers surrounding him, and thereby charged his weapons and talismans with fresh power. It was only after the rites had been duly performed that he prepared to face the enemy. He sent his army to the battlefield, but himself went there turning invisible and flying over the army.

Meghnad's army proved a formidable menace to the Vanaras. The demons were constantly encouraged and directed by Meghnad who flew over their head and directed the operation. The Vanara heroes were bewildered.

The invisible Meghnad's arrows touched even Rama and Lakshmana. Rama told Lak-



shmana, "Surely, it is Meghnad who is troubling us, himself remaining invisible. He will be satisfied only after we have seemed overpowered by his arrows."

A shower of Meghnad's arrows soon met Rama and Lakshmana and they fell on the ground. Meghnad returned into his fort, delighted.

It was evening. Hanuman and Vibhishana, with torches in their hands, surveyed the condition of their soldiers and took stock of their loss. At one place they saw Jambavan lying, blinded in the war, "I hope, our Hanuman is going strong," Jambavan said.

"How is it that you express your concern only for Hanuman and not for others?" Vibhishana asked him.

"Vibhishana! Know this, if Hanuman remains alive and strong, our mission shall be crowned with success. No gain shall be ours if all our soldiers remain unhurt but if we lose Hanuman," answered Jambavan.

Hanuman touched the old Jambavan's feet and sought his blessings.

"My child, the safety and success of our army depend on you. Be brave and carry on performing your duty with sincerity," advised Jambavan.

Thereafter Jambavan told them how to revive consciousness in Rama and Lakshmana:

"Hanuman should proceed to the Himalayas, flying over the

sea and the land. There, below the two majestic peaks known as Kanchan and Kailas, can be seen a hill abounding in medicinal plants. Among them are to be found four rare plants, the Visalyakarani, the Mritasanjivani, the Souvarnakarani, and the Sandhanakarani. All our wounded and sick soldiers can be cured by these four herbs. Hence, O Hanuman, fetch them from the Himalayas."

Hardly had Jambavan finished giving the advice when Hanuman rose to the sky. Non-stop he flew over the sea and the lands. In due time he reached the great Himalayan region and was charmed to see the lofty peaks and the holy spots. Soon he traced the hill that stood covered with a variety of plants. He descended by its side.

—contd.





Safely Through The Forest!

In a certain forest lived an old woman, alone in her hut. There were bandits in the forest. That is why at times travellers passed their nights in the old woman's hut, not daring to cross the forest in the darkness. Before they departed, they paid the woman for her hospitality.

The woman had another source of income too! The bandits often deposited their booty in her hut and paid her for their safe-keeping.

One evening a man who looked like a bandit met the woman and holding a necklace of diamond beads before her, said, "Granny, please keep this one safe. I will come to collect it at midnight. A landlord's son

is coming this way. I am sure he will pass his night in your hut. He will naturally fasten his horse to the tree in front of your hut. When I will come to collect this necklace, I will steal away his horse. But, be sure, I will pass on a couple of diamond beads to you before I leave. The landlord's son cannot blame you for the loss of his horse!"

The woman gladly accepted the necklace and buried it in a corner of her kitchen while the bandit looked on. For a long time it had been her dream to possess a piece or two of diamond. She was now delighted at the prospect of her dream being realised.

A few hours after the bandit left, a well-dressed young man met the woman and sought shelter for the night. The woman received him with a show of kindness. The young man fastened his fine horse to a tree that stood before the hut.

The woman sat by the side of her window and waited for the bandit to come. She kept her eyes fixed on the horse, for, she thought, the bandit was certain to appear near it. Whenever she heard a sound, she became more alert. Time and again she went out and became sure that the horse was there.

Time passed and it was morning. The woman thought that the bandit had been either captured by the king's guards or wounded in some encounter. She wished to sell the diamond necklace to the landlord's son

and leave the forest for good.

But the necklace, to her great surprise, had disappeared!

"Hello, granny! What are you looking for?"

The question startled her. She looked back and saw the landlord's son dangling the necklace!

"The man who met you first was none other than myself. I am going away to settle down in a town. I was worried about the safety of this costly necklace and my horse during the night. So I had to take your help. You kept a watch on my horse, expecting the bandit's arrival. I enjoyed my sleep and now I am ready for departure along with my necklace and my horse. However, here is your reward," said the young man.

He then threw a coin at the woman, jumped on to the horseback, and galloped away.



THE DIAMOND RING

Two travellers were found quarrelling on the road. When they were about to come to blows, the local people took hold of them and led them to the nearby court.

One said, "This fellow wanted to see my diamond ring. When I gave it to him, he claimed that it was his."

The second man brought the same allegation against the first.

The judge took the ring into his hand and suddenly exclaimed, "My God! Here is at last the king's lost ring! Whoever had stolen it away must lose his head. Speak out, who among you had got it and how?"

One of the travellers cried out, "I have nothing to do with the ring, let me confess."

The other one said, "This ring is mine and not the king's. I inherited it from my father."

The judge restored the ring to the second man and duly punished the former.





THE WRESTLER'S SECRET

A certain zamindar had a wrestler named Gopal in his service. The landlord who was very much fond of sports, arranged for a wrestling match on the first day of every month. He was proud to see that Gopal invariably emerged victorious. Everytime he gave Gopal a reward of a thousand rupees. By and by the zamindar became sure that Gopal was invincible.

He was very proud of Gopal. He gave Gopal a number of medals, apart from the regular rewards. Not only that, he praised Gopal before his friends and other zamindars. As a result Gopal became extremely proud of his position. He was often rude to others. But nobody

could take him to task because the zamindar loved him so much! The zamindar took Gopal as his companion wherever he went.

One morning the zamindar went for hunting into a forest, accompanied by Gopal. Both advanced quite far looking for the suitable game. It was noon when they crossed the forest and saw an orchard. By then the zamindar had grown hungry. He asked Gopal to climb a tree and pluck a few mangoes for him.

Gopal did as asked by his master. But before they had left the place a bearded man arrived there, shouting, "Who is stealing fruits from my or-

chard?"

Gopal tried to pacify him saying that he plucked the fruits for the zamindar of the neighbouring estate. But the man said sternly, "Since you have plucked my fruits without my permission, you must pay me a thousand rupees!"

"What! A thousand rupees for a few mangoes!" shouted Gopal.

"Yes. I demand the amount not as the price of the mangoes, but as the penalty for your trespassing into my land and stealing my goods!" shouted back the man.

The zamindar came closer and

said gravely to the man, "Do you realise with whom you are quarrelling? This man, Gopal, is the greatest wrestler in the land!"

Before the zamindar had finished uttering the sentence the man pounced upon Gopal. But it was not necessary for them to wrestle for more than a minute. The man threw Gopal flat on the ground rather easily.

Then the man went away towards his hut without demanding the penalty any more. The zamindar and Gopal left the place quietly.

"*Huzoor!* The fellow knows some black magic. He could



not have defeated me otherwise," said Gopal on the way. But the explanation did not satisfy the zamindar. He looked sad.

As the first of the next month approached, an unknown wrestler met Gopal and said, "This time I intend to try my strength with you." Every time it was Gopal himself who organised the wrestling match, not the zamindar.

Gopal now took the unknown wrestler into his room and said, "Let me confide to you about a queer custom which the zamindar follows. If any stranger defeats me in the match, he is asked by the zamindar to enter a dark tunnel. Nobody has ever come out of the tunnel alive! Better you accept defeat. I will give you half of the reward I receive!"

The unknown wrestler showed

as if he accepted the proposal.

The match began. But the new wrestler soon threw Gopal down and sat on his chest. Gopal gasped for breath and fumbled out, "Remember the death tunnel... half of the reward!"

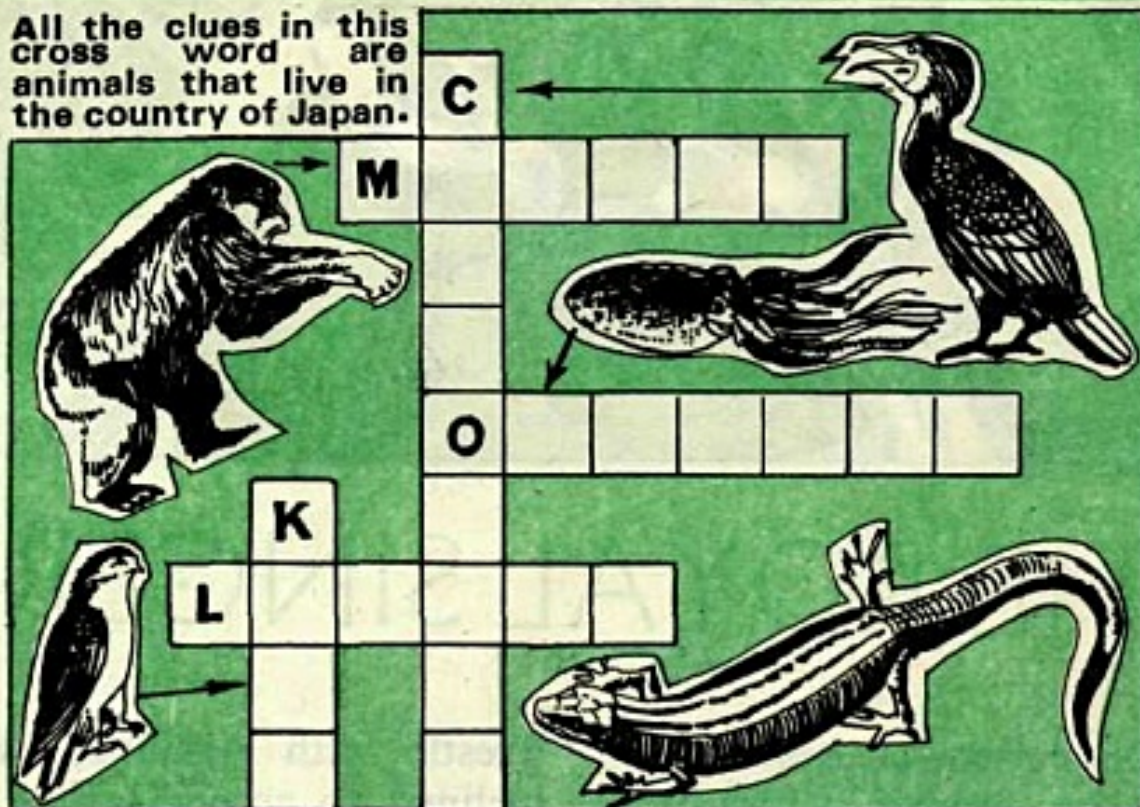
But the stranger did not let Gopal get up until the zamindar declared that the match was over and Gopal had been defeated. Then the stranger took off his false beard and told Gopal, "We had met in the orchard beyond the forest!" He then leaked out to the zamindar the secret of Gopal's victory—how he threatened every competitor with the consequence of the death tunnel and induced them to accept defeat through bribe.

Needless to say, Gopal was dismissed from his service.



PUZZLE TIME

All the clues in this cross word are animals that live in the country of Japan.



RESULT OF THE RIDDLE CONTEST—1976

Chandamama thanks the thousands of readers who sent their solutions for the riddle (the King's Challenge) that was published in the February 1976 number of the magazine. The Chandamama was delighted to observe that a large number of entries carried the correct solution in essence. However, winners had to be judged on the basis of the clarity of arguments put forth in support of their solutions.

The reward will be shared by the following ten. The names are arranged alphabetically.

B. Indumati, Vizianagaram; Mahesh Kaushik, New Delhi; Mohd. Rafiq, Baramulla, (Kashmir); N. H. Rajagopalan, Ahmedabad; Rajeev S. Kesarwani, Nagpur. S. Bala Parvathi, Madras; Seetakant B. Borker, Bardez (Goa); S. V. Prabha, Bombay; Vishnu Krishna Kanhere, Bombay; Y. Snehalata Devi, Wabagai (Manipur).

ANSWERS

ACROSS : Monkey, Octopus, Lizard
DOWN : Cormorant, Kite.



THE ROYAL SINGERS

King Dhavalsen was quite accustomed to enjoying his own praise sung by poets and scholars visiting his court. And he was quite generous in bestowing gifts on such visitors. Even then he was surprised at what the latest visitor, a poet, said in his praise. The visitor described him as a greater musician than Narada!

Earlier there had been people who had compared him to Lord Kubera in prosperity, Arjuna in strength and Vali in philanthropy. But nobody had ever congratulated him for his musical talent. Since the king had no idea about the amount of wealth Kubera possessed and since he had had no chance to

wrestle with Arujuna, he was inclined to accept as true what his eulogists said. But so far as musical talent was concerned, that should be evident to all!

The king deeply thought over the issue. No doubt, he hummed at times while strolling in the garden or taking bath. But he did not know that people had taken note of his such casual activity and that his fame as a singer had spread far and wide. However, since such was the case, there was no reason why he should not take to singing seriously—thought he.

“Listen, my good old minister, I should be pleased to give a demonstration of singing in my court. I don’t mind if you

invite the entire nobility to enjoy my singing. Sooner the better," the king announced.

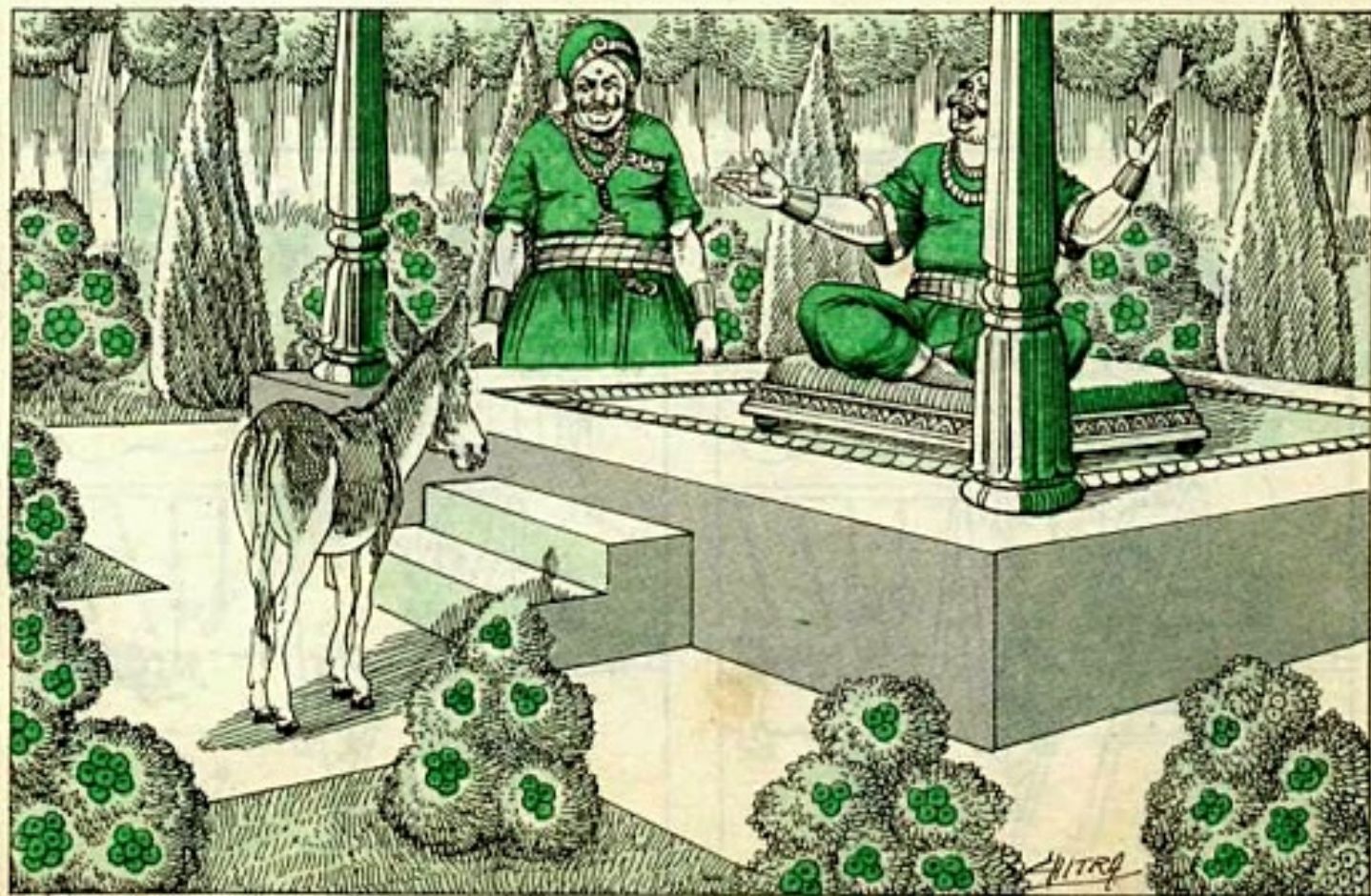
The minister was in a dilemma. He could not discourage the king from taking such a step. At the same time, he did not want the king to become an object of fun. After a moment's deep reflection, he said, "My lord! Nobody can doubt the excellent effect your singing shall produce on all the listeners. But should you not practise a little in privacy before singing in the court?"

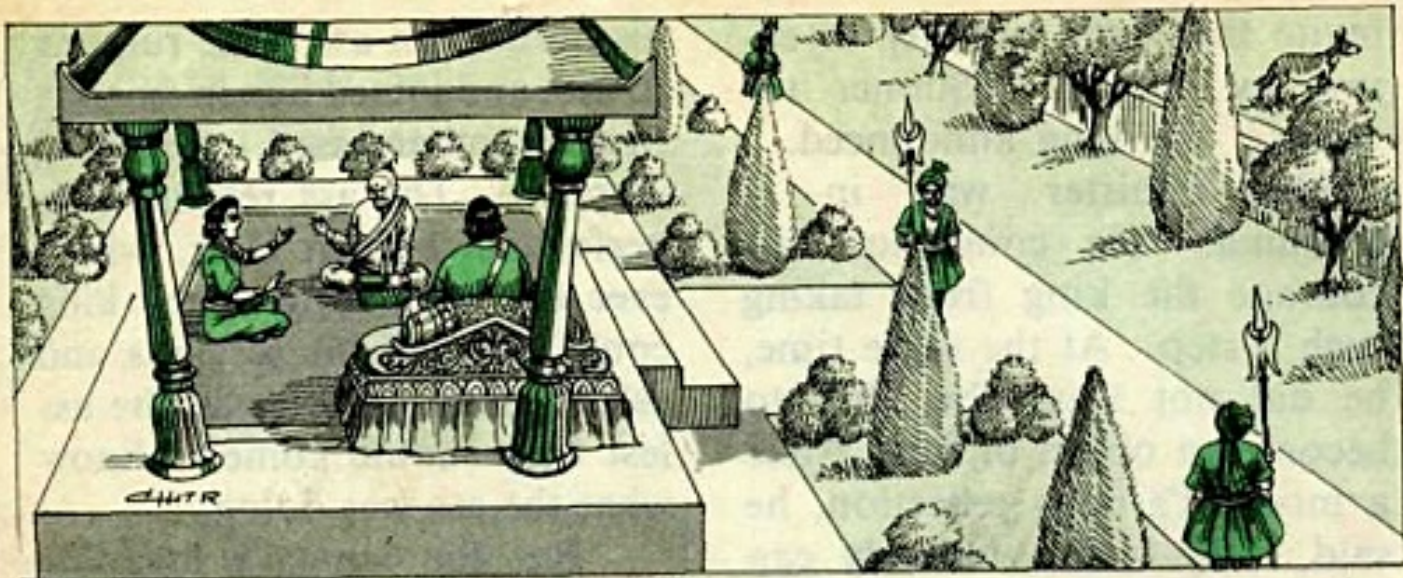
"Why not!" said the king. Both proceeded to the garden. But as soon as the king opened

his mouth, an ass came running to him and joined him in singing. Much embarrassed, the king stopped. The ass repeated his performance even later, whenever the king sang. The king could not call his servants and ask them to drive away the ass lest they should come to know what the ass was doing.

But the animal's love for the king was so great that it followed him and tried to lick his hand. The minister himself had to tie it to a tree.

The king told the minister the next day, "I am afraid, my voice is not quite suitable for singing. But let the prince





learn the art. He should make a gifted musician if he practises from this tender age.”

The minister summoned the kingdom’s best music teacher. The prince was led into the garden. But as soon as he

opened his mouth at the teacher’s instance, the ass jumped up, gave out a loud bray and snapping the rope, ran away as if for its life!

“My boy, no use wasting time. Let us go!” said the king.

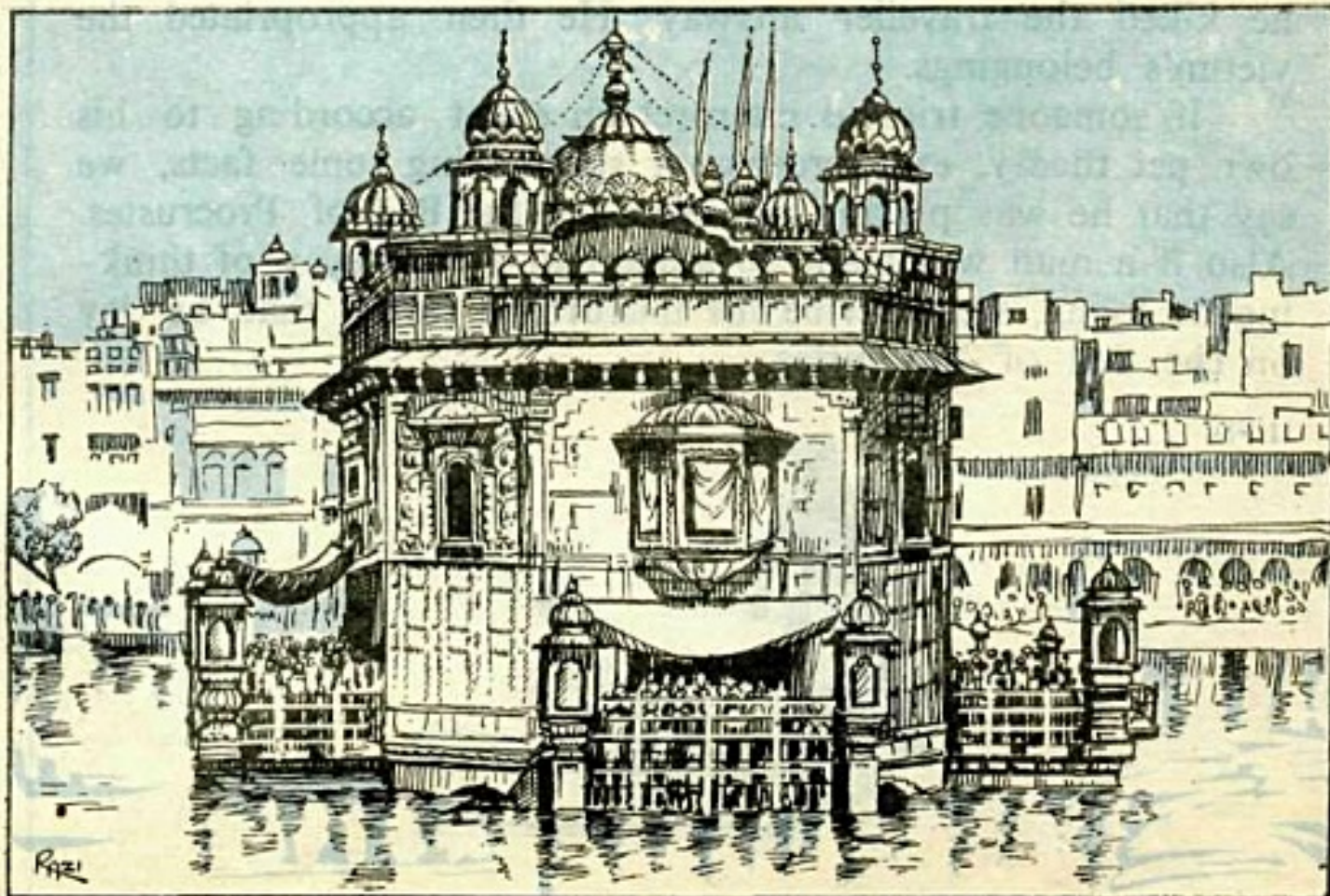
SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR

The city of Amritsar was founded by Guru Ram Das, the fourth in the line of the Masters of Sikhism, in the sixteenth century. The city derives its name from a sacred ancient pond, *Amrit Saras*, the Lake of Immortality.

In the middle of *Amrit Saras* is a small island on which stands the Golden Temple, the most sacred shrine of the Sikhs, built by Guru Arjun Dev. The temple is so named because of its magnificent dome which was inlaid with gold-plated copper by Maharaja Ranjit Singh (1780-1839), the Sikh ruler of Punjab. Inside the dome can be found engaging filigree and enamel work and frescoes depicting the events in the life of the Gurus.





BED OF PROCRUSTES

Attica, a province of Greece, must have been covered with forests thousands of years ago. By the side of a long road that went touching a forest lived Procrustes. If he saw a traveller passing by, he would invite him to come into his house and relax for a while. Sometimes, if the traveller was unwilling to accept his suggestion, he would compel him to come in.

He had an iron bed in his house. He would make the weary traveller sleep upon it. If the person was found to be shorter than the bed, he would stretch him; if he was longer, he would cut off the redundant part of his body, thereby making his length equal to that of the bed! Needless to say, he killed the traveller anyway. He then appropriated the victim's belongings.

If someone tries to interpret an event according to his own pet theory, exaggerating or suppressing some facts, we say that he was placing the event on the Bed of Procrustes. Also if a man was made to adhere to a rigid way of thinking or living, we describe his misfortune saying that he lay on the Bed of Procrustes.





LET US KNOW

"I would like to know the history of the Koh-i-noor."

Suresh Somanathan, South Indian Education Society School, Bombay.

The early history of this famous diamond is shrouded in mystery.

It was in the possession of the ruling family of Gwalior at the beginning of the 16th century. Upon his victory in the battle of Panipat (1526), Humayun came to own it. He gave it to the King of Persia for a certain assistance received. On being asked about its price, Humayun is supposed to have replied, "It is priceless. One can get it either through the strength of his sword, or as a gift from some mighty emperor."

Late in the 16th century it returned to India when the Persian king made a gift of it to the ruler of Ahmadnagar, Burhan Nizam Shah.

In 1630, it was carried to Delhi by a clever trader-politician who had got it through doubtful means. He presented it to Shah Jahan. It adorned the crown of the Mughal emperors till Nadir Shah of Persia invaded Delhi in 1739. He massacred 30,000 innocent citizens of Delhi and looted an incalculable amount of wealth while the Mughal emperor looked on helplessly. As a parting gesture, Nadir Shah proposed an exchange of the diadems between himself and the emperor. Thus, he hoodwinked the emperor and took away the **Koh-i-noor** which was hidden in the latter's diadem. It is he who named the diadem **Koh-i-noor**, "the mountain of light".

Nadir Shah was killed in 1747 and the diamond passed on to Ahmad Shah Abdali, the Afghan chief. His descendant, Shah Shuja, gave it to Maharaja Ranjit Singh of the Punjab who saved him from his enemies.

From Ranjit Singh's successor it passed on to the British rulers of India in 1849 and reached Queen Victoria. It adorns the crown of the British monarchs on special occasions, but is kept in the Tower of London for visitors to see.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chandamama, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras 600 026, to reach us by the 20th of April. A reward of Rs. 25.00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the June issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the photo-captain contest.)



A widow had a number of fowls. Among them was a big and beautiful cock which had a very loud voice. When he crowed cock-a-doodle-doo all the other birds kept quiet.

Near the widow's compound was a jungle in which lived a sly fox. For a long time he had an eye on the cock. One day he came closer to the cock and said, "You sing very well indeed. But the secret of great singers is, they keep their eyes shut when they open their mouth! I wonder if you could do like that!"

"I can!" boasted the cock and shut his eyes. The fox jumped on to him and holding him by his mouth ran away into the jungle. The widow who saw what happened raised a hue and cry and gave a hot chase to the fox, followed by other villagers.

"Why don't you tell them that it was foolish to chase you?" said the cock.

"I will," replied the fox. But as soon as he opened his mouth the cock gave him the slip and flew away on to a tree.

"What a fool I am that I shut my eyes when I should have kept them wide open," lamented the cock.

"And what a fool I am that I opened my mouth when I should have kept them close shut," lamented the fox.

Result of Story Title Contest held in February Issue

The prize is awarded to:

Poonam S.Kripalani,
30, Jawahar Society,
R.V.Desai Road,
BARODA - 390 001.

Winning Entry — 'DECEPTIVE FRIEND'

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. M. Natarajan



Mr. N. Pekkirisamy

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th APRIL
- Winning captions will be announced in JUNE, Issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to :

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026.

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in February Issue

The Prize is awarded to:

Mr. R. Yogesh,
C/o. H. K. R. Rao,
78, Khurshid Bhagh,
LUCKNOW 226 001.

Winning Entry — 'Waiting is Pleasure' — 'Pleasing is Treasure'



HINDUSTAN SANITARYWARE & INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Makers of India's largest selling, largest exported bathroom equipment



SOMANY-PILKINGTON'S LIMITED

A sister concern of Hindustan Sanitaryware
and makers of India's largest exported wall tiles

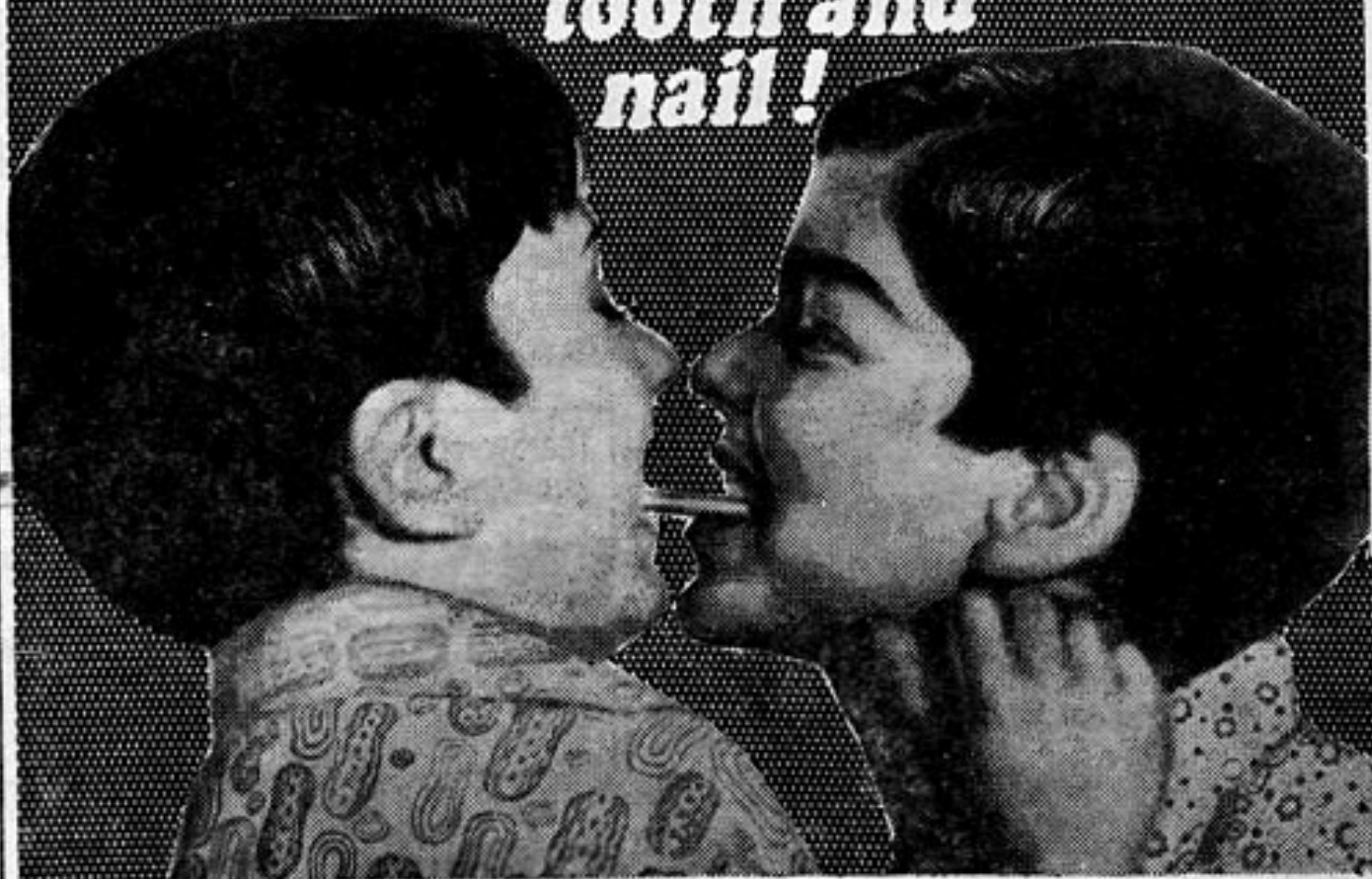
2, Red Cross Place, Calcutta-700001

naa, HSI.7720

Chandamama [English]

April 1977

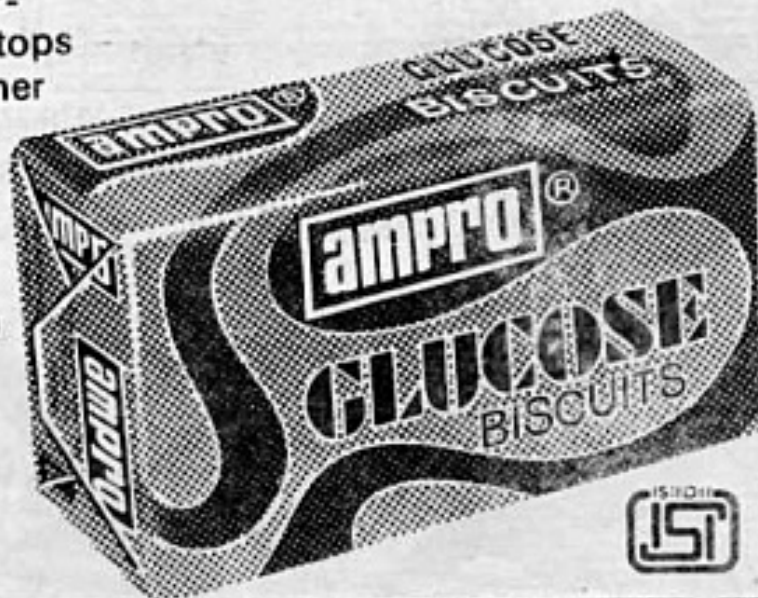
**fun to
fight for it...
tooth and
nail!**



Finished twelve and going on thirteen?
Then, there's as much trouble
ahead as fun. With teenage, the
trouble starts. With Ampro's thir-
teenth biscuit, the fun. And it tops
off all the satisfaction of the other
twelve biscuits shared equally
between the twosome here.

Just try a pack today

ampro®
GLUCOSE BISCUITS



Demon Acid Killer COOH's* Peace Offering

In Mouthsia Country, the army is constantly on the alert—to prevent Demon Acid, Killer COOH from invading their territory.



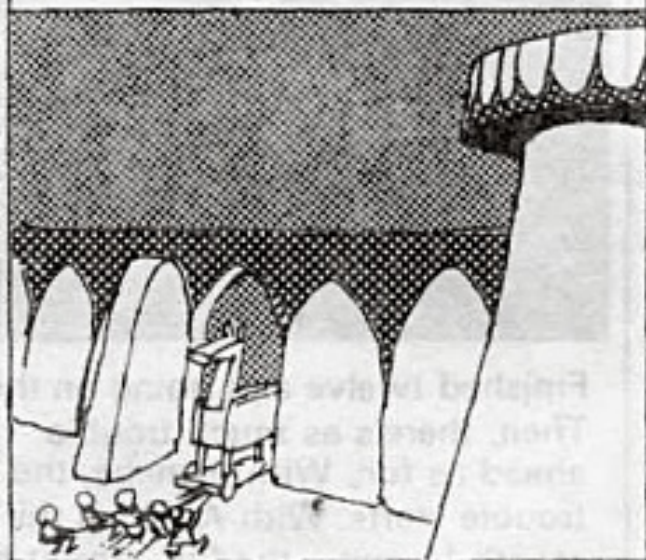
One day, to their surprise, Killer COOH arrives waving a white flag.



We've come to make peace. Accept this Sweet Horse as a symbol of our friendship.



The Sweet Horse is carried into Mouthsia...



...and that night there is great rejoicing and merry-making.



But the enjoyment is short-lived. Soon after the citizens of Mouthsia retire for the night, a strange thing happens.



Hey, those look like
Killer COOH's soldiers.
We've been tricked again! Must run to
the Defence Minister.

At the
watch-tower,
all the guards
have dozed off
after the night's
celebration. All
except Alerto.

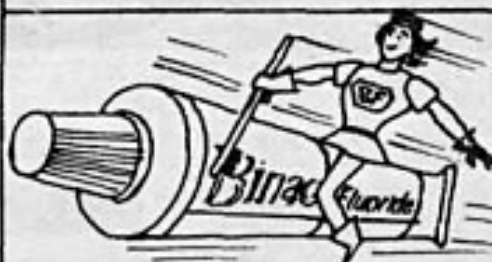


Run, Alerto.
Fetch Ace Fighter
Binaca-F. Only he can
help us now.



At the Defence Ministry

Binaca-F arrives with his
super-weapon Binaca Fluoride.
Thus armed, the Mouthsia
army rushes into the fray.



Mow them down,
boys! Brush them
away!

After a long, tough battle,
Killer COOH's army
retreats and peace
returns to Mouthsia.



That was close!
Thank you Binaca-F.
You've been
a great help!



Here, brush Tooth Tower
with Binaca Fluoride—
regularly, morning and night.
It will keep the fort
clean and strong—
and free from attack
by Killer COOH.



**Brush in extra toughness.
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.**



Ram & Shyam on a holiday again - this time, travelling on a luxury plane



Hallo, somebody spoils their fun: it's a hijacker with an ugly gun



"Let us follow him and see, of what little help we can be"



The crook feels a 'gun' in his back - it's clever Ram with a poppins pack



The pilot quickly takes the gun - the crook, unarmed, is on the run



Ram & Shyam have saved the day. 'poppins the hero' does everyone say.



LICKABLE LIKEABLE LOVABLE

PARLE POPPINS

FRUITY SWEETS

5 FRUITY FLAVOURS—

RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE,

LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME

